

IN MEMORIAM.

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GALLUCHAT---KIRKLAND.

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"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD  
FROM HENCEFORTH. YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT,  
THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABORS."





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Flowers Collection

# A SERMON

—ON THE—

OCCASION OF THE LAMENTED DEATH

—OF THE—

REV. JOSEPH GALLUCHAT,

OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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PREACHED IN TRINITY CHAPEL, CHARLESTON, S.  
C., MAY 1ST, 1825, BY WILLIAM CAPERS, SENIOR  
PASTOR OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
IN CHARLESTON.

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TO MRS. GALLUCHAT,

*As an humble token of the Author's sympathy and best wishes,  
and a tribute to the cherished memory of a long known and  
always beloved friend, his first "Son in the Gospel", this ser-  
mon is most respectfully presented.*

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John xi, 21: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

When Lazarus was sick, his pious sisters sent for Jesus. That they were familiar with His benevolence towards "all sick people", even to strangers and the unclean, might have been reason enough for this. Why should they doubt that He who, in the case of the centurion's servant, was so prompt to answer, "I will come and heal him," would, when Lazarus was sick, be at least as ready to relieve him also?



But, indeed this was no common case; and like the occasion, the faith of these sisters, and the feelings which it inspired, must have been admirably peculiar. "It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick." "Now, Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."

Happy are the sick whom Jesus loves! Happy are they whose care for the sick is solaced by the love of Jesus! And yet there was still more to bless the sick Lazarus and his sympathizing sisters Martha and Mary. To them Jesus was known, not only in that character of benevolence and love in which "He went about preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people"—not only as He was known to the blind and deaf and halt, the paralytic, the leprous, the demoniac, when at a word "He healed them of whatsoever disease they had"—not only as he was known to her who "followed him into Simon's house, and washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet", when then he so graciously unburdened her soul, and announced the forgiveness of her sins; but to the faith of a disciple, and the sanctified affections which follow upon such a faith, there was superadded to Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, the endearment of a friendship more exquisite and sublime than I can represent to you. Jesus himself had acknowledged it; and the whole college of Apostles knew it well. How sweetly is it signified in the message of the sisters—"He whom thou lovest is sick." How kindly acknowledged by Christ—"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." How cordially concurred in by the Apostles—"Let us also go that we may die with him."

And was the friend of Jesus sick? And did those whom Jesus love suffer affliction? With what eager expectation must their confiding hearts have turned to "the Lord of life"—their friend! With what absolute reliance was the messenger dispatched with those few touching words, "He whom Thou lovest is sick." Thy friend Lazarus is in pain, and but one word of Thine shall heal him! Lazarus is sick, and how anxious is that Martha, whose ardent, generous spirit was so stirred and troubled for Thy slightest comfort! Lazarus is

sick, and the meek-hearted Mary, who wiped Thy feet with her hair, who could never be diverted from adoring Thee, sits all night long watching by his bed!

Could they doubt of His coming? Or were they not rather occupied with rapturous thoughts of their brother healed, and their souls comforted? They might have reasoned thus: We are utterly unworthy that our Lord should come under our roof. That He has deigned to do so again and again, and when our conscious hearts melted before Him in gratitude and love, has most kindly acknowledged us as His disciples, is altogether of His own grace. To Him we know no feeling other than love and adoration; and there is nothing which we would not do, nothing that we would not suffer, for Him. But, alas! what is the best and the utmost in our power compared to our obligations? "We are unprofitable servants," but it belongs to that benignity which we have so largely enjoyed to increase and abound according to its own nature. It is not favor at first that at last it might be repaid, but it is the same unmeasured bounty, always transcending by more and more as it is embraced, and acknowledged, and improved. When the "great woman" of Shunem constrained the hungry prophet to eat bread, and prepared for him "a chamber on the wall", it was but a small acknowledgment to the servant for his master's sake—a little tithe of the bounties she had already received; but the prophet was forthwith inspired to promise to her in her old age the longing desire of her whole life—a son. And when, after the child was grown, he fell suddenly ill and died, and the troubled mother carried to "the man of God" the tidings of her calamity, it was not reckoned that enough had been done for her, but the same mercy which had blessed her before now redoubled its almighty grace, and her son was restored to life.

So Martha and Mary. That Jesus could not but regard them with compassion—that He would most certainly magnify His love and mercy upon them, they could not be mistaken. None ever can be, who shall love as they. But, alas for us! we are ever vexing ourselves by a mischievous care about particular events; as though the love of God could



not be exemplified except in those very instances which we, unwittingly, have judged best for us. Under any calamity, it is natural to look after the readiest way to be delivered from it. We hardly can believe that a "grievous affliction" may be requisite to the "fruits of righteousness". We cannot be easily persuaded to embrace as a token of love that which defeats our plans and disappoints our hope. We would have the seed, and the bud, and the full-blown flower, to be of equal fragrance; or, brought to Marah in a time of thirst, we murmur, unconscious of the mysterious tree that makes the waters sweet and changes the bitter disappointment into a sacrament of life.

The pious sisters of the friend of Jesus were not the less beloved because their message was received with silence. "Jesus abode two days still in the same place where He was"—not because He was indifferent to their griefs, not that He was wanting of the tenderest, kindest compassion, not that He intended anything less than to bestow on them the happiest proofs of His love in the most salutary efforts of His power. If they were disappointed, it was only because they never had conceived of so much as He intended for them. They would have had a lesser benefit in a shorter time. They sought to be relieved at once from the affliction they were suffering, and the coming of Jesus to heal Lazarus was the only form in which they looked for the love of the Master.

That He answered not at once, that He delayed at a distance while Lazarus was ill and dying, and until after he was dead, may have been most mournfully mistaken. O, what did these anxious sisters think when their messenger returned to them with such sad words as these: I told Him all, but He answered nothing; He indeed looked compassionately, but "He abode there still".

But at last, when Lazarus had been dead four days, it was announced that Jesus was coming to Bethany. "*Mary sat still in the house.*" Her confiding faith, like that which exclaims in Job, "though He slay me, yet will I trust Him", had gained the ascendant of her sisterly affections. Subdued and tranquilized into perfect resignation, she had now dis-



missed every other care than to "possess her soul in patience", and to cultivate by the death of her brother the grace which should prepare her to live with him forever. Martha, too, was never more happy than in going to meet Jesus. Surely she comes up out of her affliction, as gold from the furnace. "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died; but I know that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee." Yes, afflicted, happy woman! Thy prayer, preferred in such a form as this—"whatsoever Thou wilt", cannot but be answered, and the answer shall most likely be such as thou thyself wouldst desire. "*Thy brother shall rise again.*"

My brethren, another friend of Jesus has been sick. Another Lazarus is dead!

O my heart! what shall console all these, his fellow-disciples, his brothers, his sisters; alas! his children, his wife, who have come hither to-day, saying "let us also go that we may die with him." Surely Lazarus himself was not more beloved! Could Lazarus himself have been more worthy? "JESUS WEPT!" O ye widow, children, brethren, kindred of the dear deceased, this altar shall sanctify your tears! Yes, we may weep, for Jesus wept! OUR GALLUCHAT IS DEAD!

'Tis not his voice you hear. His voice, once so familiar from this holy place, shall plead with you and teach and comfort you no more. The House of God above is that he occupies.

In all this large assembly is there one who knew him, and who did not love our brother? No, not one. And there are other thousands who embalm his memory with tears.

He was not born among us, but kind Providence brought him, in early childhood, from St. Domingo to this city. His parents were of the Roman Church, and his early prepossessions were in favor of that communion. His education, however, permitted free investigation, and when at twenty years of age it pleased God to call him by His grace, he united himself to that branch of Christ's Church where he had felt the power of God, and in which, until so lately, he was an able minister of the New Testament. Upon this holy work he entered in his twenty-second year; and had con-

tinued in it about fifteen years, when it pleased God, on the 8th day of April just past, to remove him to the Church triumphant. Of these fifteen years, about eleven were employed in this city, with what admirable meekness and humility, zeal and unction, talent and industry, you all are witnesses. Truly, "there is a great man fallen this day in Israel."

O ye unconverted, forget not how he reasoned with you "of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come". How, as one who knew "the terrors of the Lord", he persuaded you. With what heavenly pathos he poured out his whole heart to win you to the Savior. Alas! you are they who, of all in this assembly, should be most disconsolate. You loved the man, you revered the minister, and yet you did but continually grieve him. If indeed his generous love could have been requited by your kindnesses, then many of you should be clear. But ah! not so. His ardent charity knew no reversion to his own account. He loved you, and he sought you for yourselves. He beheld you, blinded by "the god of this world", in love with sin and greedy of destruction. He would have plucked you from the burning ruin which he saw before you, but ye would not. That he loved you rendered your impenitency more severe, and that you esteemed and honored and revered him, and still repented not, aggravates your guilt. Ah, what sad tidings of you has he carried up to Heaven! "All the day long he stretched out his hand to a gainsaying and disobedient people." You heard his words, but you would not do them. To the man you showed much love, but hatred to his message. Alas! a time will come—you know it will—when you shall desire to see one of those days of his ministry among you, and shall not see it. O my friends, you alone are they whose interest in this solemn service is too sad for consolation! Most merciful God! though we cannot be comforted in this, though the whole ministry of Thy servant has passed away to our condemnation, take not Thy Holy Spirit from us. O Thou who hast proclaimed thyself "slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenting Thee of the evil", show us still thy mercy! Bless yet, good Lord, some other means to our salvation.

Church of Christ! babes, young men and fathers, to you



how endeared and how invaluable was this Man of God! Could ye ever hear him and forbear to bless him? When in "heaviness through manifold temptations" your soul was disquieted within you, who was it that so sweetly bade you "hope in God"? When you "walked in darkness and had no light", who so kindly encouraged you to "trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon thy God"? If then you followed him to his closet, how would he weep with your distress, and agonize in prayer for your deliverance; and when again "the candle of the Lord" shone brightly on your head, with what amiable charity did he rejoice! To speak unto you "to edification and exhortation and comfort", both in public and in private, at the house of God and at your own homes, he was always ready. He knew his duty, and he loved it well. But he speaks no more. O, Church of Christ, he whom ye loved is dead!

Ye poor and friendless, ye widows and fatherless children of this congregation, the man whose ear and heart were always open to you, the man whose eyes were wont to melt at seeing you, the man whose hand delighted to divide with you his single loaf—this meekest, friendliest, kindest man is dead.

Ye nearest, dearest kindred! Ah no! I cannot tell it further. O, God of love, why are we thus troubled? Why is such a one as we lament taken away from us?

For a long sad time we marked his declining health; and many an anxious prayer was sent up after Jesus for him. Every expedient of human skill was tried in vain; and at last it was in vain that he was urged away to St. Augustine. He still grew weaker and more emaciated. He suffered much and died. But is he dead? "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Our brother "shall rise again."

Weeping friends, revive! Christ was with him—Christ is with us, in all this trying time, this "hour of darkness". Better things than we have seen have been present under all our disappointed hope and anxious sympathy. He did not suffer unsustained: He did not die unblest. And even we, brethren beloved, may pluck life from his sepulchre.

Did he suffer? Lazarus too was sick, and Jesus chose to have it so. Yea, more, Jesus himself was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "He bore our sicknesses." "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord." But who can tell the comforts of the pious sufferer? "The Christian", exclaimed one who was wise in Christianity—"the Christian has his sorrows and his joys, but his sorrows are the sweeter!" See that other Lazarus, a loathsome spectacle of beggarly distress! Is there no human charity beyond a crumb of bread to bless the dying man? Can he not even get a single sheet in which to wrap him? O guilty shame! All his estate on earth is rags and wretchedness, disease and sores. But still that man is happy. "Man shall not live by bread alone." The famine may devour the meal and oil, and pain and sickness may consume his flesh, but it is only to make room for God. "We joy in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

Our beloved Galluchat was full of comfort. "I visited him every day," says the minister at St. Augustine, "until three days before his death, and then, until he died, I never left him. He gave me much instruction. He was always full of confidence in Christ, and suffered the most extreme pain with truly Christian patience, rejoicing in the God of his salvation." Another witness states that the sympathy of his friends, and particularly the sorrow of his wife at seeing him in pain, seemed to grieve him, and he would frequently say, with the most tender entreaty, "Be content to let me suffer; it is good for me." When he came to die, he exhorted the minister who had been so becomingly attentive to be bold and faithful in his Master's cause. He entreated his wife to resign him up to his God, reminding her how long a time had been permitted her to prepare, and comforting her with these words: "God will be a husband to you, and a father to my children." To his two children (the third deceased a short time before him) he said little, but having caused them to kneel by his bedside, he offered up a most touching prayer for



them; and this done, his last effort, in the very act of dying, was a broken utterance of praise to God.

Beloved friends, brethren, kindred of the deceased, dry up your tears. What though your anxious prayers brought not the answer you desired? What though your longing wishes for the life of one so much, so justly loved could not be realized? Still, I beseech you, "sorrow not as those who have no hope." Receive your consolation. It is a mournful truth, our Galluchat is dead! But, if you would approach to Christ with Martha's words, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died", let them not express at your lips a reproach on the Savior's love. Utter them not but as the language of a subdued sensibility, which allows of nothing contrary to faith. Utter them not but to declare that in all your sorrows your reliance was on God. Let them tell that the selfishness of nature yields to the will of Heaven, and that no disappointment, no affliction, shall prevent you from adoring at the Master's feet.

Our Lazarus has been more than four days dead, and we should now be prepared to expostulate. Jesus would have it so. Grievings like ours ought to be improved. Know ye not in whom ye have believed? Do you complain that Jesus does not now go through the land to heal the sick and raise the dead? Are you envious of those who, when He was incarnate, could carry the sick to the place where He was and have them to touch Him and be whole? Are you sad because you cannot see Him weep with you, as He wept with Martha and Mary? That very act of His compassion is now no less for you than once it was for them. It is "written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." Does Jesus love you less because you cannot see him? "Why are ye troubled; and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" You have seen that one was sick whom Jesus loved, one with whose sorrowing sisters "Jesus wept", and yet He did not heal him. Was Lazarus less beloved than were the strangers of Gennessaret? Or did Jesus, staying at the place where He was first told that Lazarus was sick, love him less than if He had been present at his house? Even now, O thou weeping Martha—ye mourning

friends—"we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." His "glorious body" may not weep, and a veil is upon our eyes, so that we cannot see the sublimer form of His compassion; but He has not left us "comfortless"—He has not taken away from us His "grace and truth." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Lift up your heads! Hear the voice from Heaven exclaiming, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Hear the words of Jesus: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Follow the triumphant flight of the departed saint to his rest in Heaven. O how does he who so loved piety on earth rejoice in Paradise! He whose soul was so delighted with "the fellowship of saints", how does he exult in the communion of prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and of angels, and of God! Do you love him? When he was with you, you would scarcely call him from the little "feast of souls" with which he would refresh himself for an evening with his friends; and now, O suffer him to stay with Jesus! "To be with Christ is far better."

Dearly beloved, let us not waste ourselves with "overmuch sorrow." The Paradise and Heaven whither our friend is gone invite us rather to pursue him there than mourn his absence from this vale of tears. Let us "follow him, as he followed Christ", "committing the keeping of our souls to God in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator." The righteous are "scarcely saved", never without some "fiery trial"; and if we may but "wash our robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb", surely we can sustain the "tribulations" of the way. We admired the chastened piety of the elder sisters Martha and Mary under their bereavement in the death of Lazarus. Let us follow their example. He who was with them will be with us. His faithful word shall never fail us. His grace is all-sufficient.

Oh! how great a work we have to do, that we may be "perfect and entire, lacking nothing"! What watching unto prayer, what self-denial and bearing of the Cross, what a "living by the faith of the Son of God, who hath loved us and given himself for us!" When shall our faith be strong,



embracing every word of God? When shall we be as meek and gentle, as patient and resigned, as heavenly-minded and holy as we ought? What shall unite us more closely to duty? What shall conform us more fully to Christ? "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Have we been slow to "lay up treasures in Heaven"? Behold the hand of God is let down to aid us! Your tears may be converted into instruments of grace. Your sorrows may lead you to sanctification. Yes, the bleeding mercy of our dying Lord has purchased for you such abundant grace, that "although you now have sorrow, your sorrow shall be turned into joy; and your joy no man taketh from you."

Let me beseech you, then, by your duty to the Savior, by your love for the deceased, and as you hope to regain him in Heaven, sorrow not as though there were no "God in Israel." Sorrow not as hopelessly as though the joys of Paradise and Heaven were unworthy of you.

Let me charge you that those eyes now sore with weeping, that woe heaving bosom, that afflicted heart, go not comforted in the day when it shall be said, "The Master is come and calleth for thee". When he shall come not to "weep", but to "wipe all tears from our eyes" not to "groan in the spirit", but to make an end of "death", and "sorrow", and "pain", and "crying". Oh! in that day when "the King shall say to them on His right hand, 'Come ye blessed of my Father';", be ye also ready "to enter into the joy of your Lord." AMEN.

## MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOSEPH GALLUCHAT.

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BY REV. LEWIS MYERS.

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From the Methodist Magazine, September, 1826.

Joseph Galluchat was born in St. Domingo, September, 1788. At the commencement of the revolution at that place, his mother, sisters and himself left there and fled to Charleston, S. C., where he received his education. His parents were members of the Roman Catholic church, and his early prepossessions were in favor of that communion. For several years he lived with a respectable merchant in the city, and was engaged in mercantile business. In his youth he appeared fashionable and gay, and thoughtless with regard to eternal things. In the 19th year of his age he married Miss Virginia Lawson, of Santee, S. C. In the fall of 1808 he attended a campmeeting; and under the ministry of the Rev. Wm. Capers was brought to a knowledge of himself as a sinner, and of Jesus the Saviour of sinners. When under conviction he did not trifle with his case, but immediately fled to the Physician of souls and obtained peace with God. The evidence of pardon appeared to him full, and he rejoiced in God with confidence; this he retained with little interruption till God took him to himself.

What God had enabled him thus to enjoy he heartily desired that others might share, and God evidently called him to the ministry. He received license as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the 22nd year of his age. He was ordained elder in the South Carolina annual conference held at Camden in 1818. When he married he lived in the country; but some time after he returned to Charleston, and for several years taught a Lancastrian school; but his health declining the school was discontinued. Afterwards, he was for five years book-keeper in the U. S. Branch Bank in Charleston. In the mean time he evinced a thirst for know-

ledge, and became conversant with various branches of useful learning. He spoke the French language fluently, had some knowledge of the Latin, and he studied the science of medicine. Had his health permitted he might have entered into an extensive practice. While he was thus evidencing his zeal for knowledge the fire which God had kindled on the altar of his heart was rising in its strength, and the flame was felt in his family and in the church. To obtain a more thorough knowledge of the Scriptures he acquired a considerable knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages. Out of his treasure he brought things new and old. He was a practical divine. His pulpit instructions were always evangelical, instructive and impressive. During the eleven years of his ministry in Charleston, his congregations were always large, and testified a high esteem of his talents; and he labored to be useful to all. Though naturally aspiring, grace had obtained such complete conquest of his heart that he could emphatically say with the Apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." And if he was taught to ask with Solomon, "Who is able to stand before envy?", God gave him the answer, and his heart understood it. In a letter to a friend on a trying occasion, to whom he was wont to unbosom his thoughts, after describing some of his conflicts, he adds, "I believe I have escaped the snare of the fowler; at any rate I can raise my ebenezer; blessed be the Lord for all his mercies: deliverance and salvation belong unto him." He was always at the service of the church, according to his abilities, and while his enlarged heart bid God-speed to every ambassador of Christ of every name he felt *where* and by *what instruments* he was called. He frequently viewed the scene of 1808 with transports of joy and gratitude. The plainness and simplicity of manners, accompanied by the piety and zeal of the ministers and members of *that day*, bordering on primitive Methodist times, accorded fully with his views and sentiments,—and he could unhesitatingly say, "*I am as ye are*"; and he *never changed*. He was generous and charitable. In him the poor, the widow, the orphan, the sick and the dying found a friend, always ready to minister to their mental and



bodily comfort according to his ability. I knew him personally upwards of six years,—I write with confidence. Numbers will rise and call him blessed in that day when the earth and sea shall give up their dead.

For several years his ardent soul looked towards a scene of labor beyond his local sphere; he had a great desire to enter as a traveling minister into the vineyard of the Lord; but here he found various and formidable obstacles. His bodily affliction was not among the smallest. Friends knowing his situation feared to encourage him in the undertaking—he hesitated. At length his desire to die in the itinerant field predominated, and he was admitted at the conference held in Charleston, 1824, and stationed in that city. The sequel proved that the sword was too sharp for the sheath. He, however, entered his work with his usual ardor. Soon after, he thus writes to a friend: "I felt an imperious necessity for something extraordinary to be done. The plan I adopted was to go from house to house, talk plainly and lovingly, and pray with each. I soon found the burden too heavy. I would stop a week, get better, begin again, and again sink: until, with other duties, I've sunk, to all appearance and feelings, to rise no more. I still endeavor to say, and in some degree to feel, good is the will of God—let it be done." The consumption marched with rapid strides, so that he had to desist and retire. The sermon before alluded to, thus describes the closing scene:

"For a long, sad time we marked his declining health: and many an anxious prayer was sent after Jesus for him. Every expedient of human skill was tried in vain; and at last it was in vain that he was urged away to St. Augustine. He still grew weaker and more emaciated. \* \* \* Our beloved Galluchat was full of comfort. 'I visited him every day', says the minister of St. Augustine, 'until three days before he died, and then until he died I never left him. He gave me much instruction. He was always full of confidence in Christ, and suffered the most extreme pain with truly Christian patience, rejoicing in the God of his salvation.' Another witness states that the sympathy of his friends, and particularly the sorrow of his wife, at seeing him in pain seemed to

grieve him; and he would frequently say, with the most tender entreaty, 'Be content to let me suffer; it is good for me.' When he came to die, he exhorted the minister who had been so becomingly attentive to be bold and faithful in his Master's cause. He entreated his wife to resign him up to his God, reminding her how long a time had been permitted her to prepare, and comforting her with these words: 'God will be a husband to you, and a father to my children.' To his two children (the third died a short time before him) he said little, but having caused them to kneel by his bedside, he offered up a most touching prayer for them; and this done, his last effort, in the very act of dying, was a broken utterance of praise to God."

Thus he died, on the 8th day of April, 1825, in the 37th year of his age; and at his request was brought to Santee, S. C., and interred in the family burying-ground. He is one of those men in whose Christian life and triumphant death I have the utmost confidence. Reader, soon will we also be called off; let us be ready.

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## TRIBUTE TO THE LATE REV. JOSEPH GALLUCHAT.

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Extract of a letter from a lady in the Upper Country of South Carolina to a relative in Charleston.

I am much obliged to you for the Sermon\* you had the goodness to send me. The perusal of it afforded a repast which warmed my heart and seemed to animate and enliven my whole frame. Mr. Galluchat was indeed one of the excellent of the earth, and is now gone to join exulting millions in their song of triumph. I think it was at the Warm Springs, N. C., in the summer of 1815, that I first became acquainted with him. The enthusiasm of his manner soon

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\* A printed copy of the Sermon delivered by the Rev. William Capers on the death of the Rev. Mr. Galluchat.

caught my attention, but it was the vein of ardent piety running through his whole conversation which riveted that attention, and convinced me that he was indeed one of God's dear children, an heir of Heaven and an expectant of bliss. Many years since then have winged their rapid flight, and many scenes through which I have since passed have almost faded from my remembrance, but all his pious labors that summer still live in my memory, and while memory serves I shall ever cherish the recollection of them. How many interesting conversations had I with him on that subject which of all others should interest us most—even the salvation of our never-dying souls. And how strong was his faith; how bright his evidences. It was on the 4th of December last (1824) that I saw him for the last time. His conversation was then truly delightful. He had made every preparation for his passage over Jordan, and was then waiting ready on its brink, expecting hourly to be summoned away. And how rich were his consolations! They were such as the world is too poor to give, too powerless to take away. Mr. Galluchat was indeed one of the meekest, humblest of Christians. Oh! how I love to recall to mind his unostentatious manner, the equanimity of his temper, and the beautiful consistency of his conduct. I felt the last time I saw him as if our next meeting would be in the presence of God, and, oh, it was a solemn feeling. May we, dear Father, be prepared to join him at the right hand of our Maker, that we also may hear the blessed sentence pronounced unto us: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy." "Perfect love casteth out fear", and it was really verified in him; for he seemed not to consider death as the king of terrors, but as the welcome messenger who was to open to him the portals of everlasting bliss. You think, no doubt, I have said enough, but let me assure you that I have said no more than he deserved.—[*From the Wesleyan Journal, Drs. Olin and Capers, Editors, published at Charleston, S. C., January 7, 1826, and on file in Wofford College Library.*]



## AN EXTRACT

*From a Lecture delivered by the Rev. Samuel Leard, before the  
Historical Society of the South Carolina Conference, at  
Charleston, S. C., December, 1879.*

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We will now invite your attention to the life and character of one of the most distinguished ministers brought out in the first decade of the present century, and yet one who can hardly be said to have belonged to the itinerancy, although he was at one time admitted into the Conference. This was the year before his lamented death. His labors were confined mostly to the city of Charleston, which was his home. We allude to the Rev. Joseph Galluchat.

His life abounds in romantic as well as religious interest. We are indebted to his son, the Rev. Joseph Galluchat, junior, now a lawyer and local preacher at Manning, Clarendon County, S. C., for nearly all the facts we present to you on this occasion.

The Rev. Joseph Galluchat, senior, was born in France, A. D. 1788. He was the youngest child and only son of his parents, who, in his infancy, emigrated from France to the Island of San Domingo, which at that time belonged to France, and had been settled mainly by French colonists. His father was a wealthy gentleman, the owner of large sugar and coffee plantations and many slaves. His parents were Roman Catholics in religion. The father died some years after his settlement on the island, leaving his widow, three daughters and one son, Joseph.

The well-known servile insurrection and slaughter of the whites occurred when Joseph was eleven years old. One sister, with her husband and children, perished in the terrible massacre of the whites, whilst, through the agency of one of his father's slaves, a leader in the insurrection, Mrs. Galluchat, her son Joseph and about twenty of her slaves escaped on board a vessel bound for Charleston. The two remaining sis-

ters in like manner escaped, one to Baltimore and the other to New Orleans. The mother died soon after her arrival in Charleston, but left enough of her shattered fortune for the education of her children. Joseph received a good English and classical education. At eighteen years of age he came into Clarendon County, Sumter District, and was married to Miss Virginia Lawson, who was only sixteen. He is described as being, at that time, a "gay, wild young Frenchman, impulsive and passionate." A word and blow was his method of resenting the smallest approach to an insult. J. Harnblin Reagan, then a young man, and afterwards distinguished for his piety and devotion to the Methodist church, was his friend and chosen companion. "Like all the French, he was passionately fond of dancing." At that time there were but two Methodists in all that region of country; one the mother-in-law of Galluchat, Mrs. Elizabeth Lawson, the other a Mrs. Dingle, the mother of Adam and J. Harvey Dingle, of blessed memory. Sometime during the year 1808, a camp-meeting was held at old Taw-Caw, not far from where St. Paul's church now stands. At that meeting the then youthful William Capers (afterwards Bishop) preached a sermon which arrested the attention of the gay young Galluchat, and resulted in his happy conversion, first to God and then to Methodism. In the preface to the funeral sermon in memory of the Rev. Joseph Galluchat, preached by Dr. W. Capers, in 1825, he claims him as his "first son in the Gospel;" and surely distinguished father was never honored with a more distinguished son. He was reticent about the change in his spirit and purposes for some time. He was tempted on the most assailable side of his nature—his fondness for fashionable amusements—and finally told his wife: "Virginia, I am done with balls and everything of the kind. I intend to lead a new life and devote the remainder of my days to my God." Never was purpose better kept.

His wife soon followed him into the church, and shortly after he was licensed to preach. He returned again to Charleston, which he made his home until his death. As to his personal appearance, mental habitudes, and manner in the pulpit, we cannot do better than to copy the following descrip-

tion, as given by his son, the Rev. Joseph Galluchat, junior :

"He was tall and well made, dark complexion (brunette), large, full, black eyes, and very black hair. . . . In his dress and appearance, he was a model of neatness and simplicity. . . . His dress was a full suit of black with white cravat. . . . He never allowed anything superfluous or simply ornamental to appear about his person. . . . He walked as erect as an Indian, and generally slowly and deliberately. His manners were those of the pure French, refined, Christian gentleman. People of all classes and conditions received naught but the kindest treatment at his hands ; consequently the people of Charleston of every class . . . freely resorted to his house for social intercourse, advice or comfort, as their different cases required. I have seen seated in his parlor, engaged in social converse, Governor Thomas Bennett, Judge John S. Richardson, Thomas S. Grimke, Benjamin F. Dunkin, James L. Petigru, Rev. John Bachman, and last, but not least, his beloved friend Dr. S. Henry Dickson, and others like them. And I have seen in the same parlor, occupying one of the same chairs, and engaged in brotherly religious conversation, the well known old negro Castile Selby, of Bethel church. The fact is, that such was the mesmeric (religious) influence he exerted upon others, that he bound to himself, in bonds of love, all and every one who came in contact with or approached him. His literary acquirements were extensive and thorough. He spoke fluently the English, French (his native tongue), and Spanish languages, and had mastered the Hebrew sufficiently to enable him to read and study the Old Testament in the original. He was also a good Latin and Greek scholar, and, until prostrated by disease, was an indefatigably hard student. His style of preaching was fluent, soft and persuasive. Seldom did he preach without melting the crowds who thronged to hear him into tears, whilst with streaming eyes, heaving breast and extended hands, he would plead with them 'to come to Jesus.' His language was . . . chaste and eloquent—his words seemed to flow from his lips without . . . effort on his part."

The event in his ministerial life which gave it the greatest notoriety was his controversy with Bishop England, of the



Roman Catholic Church, in Charleston. We cannot enter into a detailed account of this intellectual war between the two giants, but must satisfy our hearers with a general outline of this theological discussion. Bishop England had challenged the Protestant clergy of this city to meet and discuss with him the sufficiency of the Scriptures alone for salvation. It was only another form of denying the right of private judgment in interpreting the Word of God, the Bishop, of course, taking the negative. A meeting of all the Protestant clergy in the city was called, and, after due consideration, it was determined to meet him, and the Rev. Joseph Galluchat was selected as their champion. With characteristic modesty he objected to the arrangement. He had been brought up in the Catholic faith. It was the religion of his ancestors, and the ashes of his beloved mother reposed in consecrated ground, near the Cathedral. His brethren overruled his objections, and pressed him into service. He attended the Bishop's three sermons and took notes. This, after the first service, was attended with great personal risk. His life was threatened. A note thrown into his yard warned him, that if he persisted in attending the church, and taking notes, he would never return to his house *alive*. He went, leaving his wife in tears and great consternation. It was now a matter of duty, and he counted not his life dear unto himself. The notes were taken. As he came out of the church, Dr. S. Henry Dickson and John L. Felder, then a student of medicine, and a relative of Mrs. Galluchat, met him and escorted him home in safety. Other eyes were watching, and other hands were prepared to defend him.

The time for the reply came, and the Bishop was answered, in Old Trinity Church, in the presence of a large and deeply interested audience, Bishop England, for a part of the time, being present. Our authority states that he left precipitately before the conclusion of the reply. The Protestant clergy met again and appointed a committee to wait upon Mr. Galluchat and request a copy of his reply for publication. It was published, and two days after, as Mr. Galluchat was sitting all alone in Dr. Dickson's office reading, three ruffians crept silently into the door, and before he was aware of their presence, he received a violent blow with a bludgeon across his face.

He arose and wrested the stick from the would-be murderer's hand and threw it toward the door. The other two men then rushed forward and seized his arms, whilst the first ruffian, who struck the blow, seized him by his cravat and choked him until he fell fainting to the floor. Just at that moment Drs. Henry Dickson and Glover rode up to the door, and the ruffians fled. A great and excited crowd soon assembled; and among them old Father Muckenfuss and a brother Fair, who threatened summary vengeance on the would-be murderers if they could be found. A violent cough ensued upon this outrageous treatment. A blood vessel was ruptured—great hemorrhages followed, and, although he partially recovered, he was never well again, and his constitutional tendency to consumption was greatly accelerated. It is due to historical truth to say that Bishop England called to see him, and expressed the greatest abhorrence of the conduct of the ruffians, the deepest sympathy with the sufferer, and denied any authorized complicity with such outrageous conduct on the part of his church. The three men were discovered, arrested and imprisoned. When General Robert Y. Hayne, then Attorney-General of the State, called upon Mr. Galluchat and asked the question, "What shall be done with the prisoners?", his invariable answer was, "I will leave them in the hands of God." "That may do for you, Mr. Galluchat," said Mr. Hayne; "but it will not do for me." Bail was denied them, until it should be seen what was the result of their violence. When Mr. Galluchat was sufficiently recovered, it is said that he visited the prisoners in their cells and sought to instruct them and prayed for and with them. Finally, when they were admitted to bail, the name of Joseph Galluchat was the first one on their bonds. We have not stated these facts at random, but have *written* and *responsible* authority for every statement. In the latter part of 1824 his friends judged it necessary to send him to St. Augustine, as a last resort. He was accompanied by his wife and two children, *Joseph*, now an old man, an intelligent lawyer and local preacher, and *Virginia*, afterward the wife, and now the honored widow, of the Rev. W. C. Kirkland, and the mother of Rev. W. D. Kirkland, of the South Carolina Conference,

and Mrs. Selina or Cathrine Davis, of this city. He also had the pastoral care and sympathy of the Rev. Daniel G. McDaniel, one of the purest spirits in the South Carolina Conference. He had the medical care of Dr. Furman, but all was of no avail. *Die he must.* The last scene is thus touchingly described by his own son: "He seemed distressed at my mother weeping—reminded her how long God had given her to prepare for his death—and begged her to be faithful, assuring her that God would take care of her and her fatherless children. He thanked the minister and the physician for their kind attention. He then caused myself and my sister to kneel at his bed-side, and placing a hand on each of our heads, offered up a most heart-touching prayer in our behalf. This done, he placed his own hands over his eyes, and with his fingers closed them himself. The minister perceiving his lips moving, and thinking that he was trying to say something, placed his ear close to his lips, and heard him distinctly repeat, in a whisper, the first stanza of the hymn commencing,

" 'And let this feeble body fail.'

Just as he had finished repeating the last line, viz. :

" 'In my Redeemer's breast,'

his hands, which were lying on either cheek, with the fingers on his eyes, gently glided down to his chin. The stillness of death reigned in the room. Not a whisper nor a breath to be heard, not a groan or a struggle, not even a gasp; in fact, nothing to indicate death. There he lay with eyes closed, as he had closed them, and with a sweet, placid smile irradiating his pale face. For nearly a minute no one moved, not believing he was dead. Then Dr. Furman placed his hand on his wrist, feeling for his pulse; he then passed it to his breast, and felt for the pulsations of his heart; he then looked at the minister, and, with a smile illuminating his countenance, said, 'Another saint in heaven.' *He was dead.*"

His body was taken to Charleston, and after the funeral sermon was preached by Dr. William Capers, who loved him with an unfathomable affection, and whose great heart burst out in the exclamation, "OUR GALLUCHAT IS DEAD!", was taken to the family burying ground on Santee, in Clarendon,



where father and mother now lie side by side, until the resurrection morn.

“So fades a summer cloud away ;  
So sinks the gale, when storms are o’er ;  
So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
So dies a wave along the shore.”

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## DEATH OF REV. W. C. KIRKLAND.

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From the Southern Christian Advocate.

The amiable and devoted W. C. Kirkland, of our Conference, is dead. He fell asleep in Jesus on last Wednesday night at twenty minutes past twelve o’clock, at the residence of Dr. W. Austin. I was with him to the last, and commended his departing spirit to the Redeemer of Man. He died easy and in great peace.

The Church will weep when she records his name on the list of her departed worthies, and well may she weep. Never perhaps will she have greater cause. May God protect and bless his sorrowing family.

W. H. FLEMING.

SPARTANBURG, April 3d, 1864.

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From the Southern Christian Advocate.

The memory of men like Wm. C. Kirkland the Church has ever accounted precious. As we consider his holy walk and conversation in our midst only a few weeks ago, and then contemplate him as now in the enjoyment of that reward to which he had so long looked forward, and of which he had so much spoken, we feel that the communion between heaven and earth is intimate and glorious. A life which so exemplified the beauty, purity and power of the religion of Jesus ought to be commemorated by a more extended record than can at present be given.

He was born in Barnwell District, S. C., in January, 1814. He professed justifying faith and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in early life. In 1837, at the age of 23, he was admitted into the S. C. Conference, and at the end of the disciplinary terms was ordained successively deacon and elder. From his first connection with the Conference to his death, he remained a member of that body, reliable in council, abundant in labors, fervent in devotion to the Church, and beloved by all.

For 27 years his qualifications as a minister of the Gospel were fully tested in the various fields of the itinerant work, missions, circuits and stations. In each of these positions he was alike efficient and esteemed. For a few years just past, the feeble condition of his health had made it necessary for him to sustain a supernumerary relation: but, with what strength he possessed, he still discharged the functions of his holy calling, greatly to the edification and pleasure of the congregations to whom he ministered. He resided during these years at Spartanburg. At the last session of Conference he ventured to accept a regular appointment; and Greenville Circuit had just congratulated itself on being favored with such a pastor and preacher, when lo! the summons came, and bade him leave earthly toil and enter into the eternal rest above. He had passed around his circuit about twice, perhaps had preached at some churches three times; and the whole community was happy in prospect of his stay as long as circumstances would permit. His plan required him to preach twice on the Sabbath. This he did March 13th, and in both discourses spoke with more than ordinary warmth, pathos and power. Leaving the church (at McBee's) after the second service, he took a chill on going in the cold air. Next morning he went on his way in the direction of his home as far as Dr. W. H. Austin's. At this point he stopped, and was immediately taken in charge by his professional friend and brother. By this time he was very sick. His wife (at Spartanburg) was promptly informed of his condition, and she immediately hastened to his bedside, which she never left until her watchful care was no longer needed. All that a kind family, who dearly loved

him, could do for his comfort was done; and every possible attention was given him by Dr. A. and the uncle of the latter, Dr. T. C. Austin. However, all efforts to subdue the disease (pneumonia) were unavailing; and a little after midnight, early on the morning of March 31st, he expired.

He suffered a great deal during his sickness, but endured as a Christian hero. He could not talk much in his last days; but he said enough to indicate all that is necessary at the close of a life like his, namely, that he had "*kept the faith.*"

A brief conversation a day or two before his dissolution, on the subject of his departure, gave satisfactory proof that all was well—that although he should go down the valley he would fear no evil. The same Saviour who had all along been with him was still present with him to support and comfort him. It was a touching illustration of the drift of his thoughts and his affections that a day or two before his death, in the partial aberrations of his mind, he fancied himself administering the holy communion, and he was repeating its solemn forms in his accustomed devout and reverential tones. The Church, the circuit, seemed to be a chief theme of his thoughts and conversation during his illness; and it was a source of great anxiety to him, that there might be no loss on account of his disability.

The body was conveyed to Spartanburg, and after funeral services conducted by Dr. Whitefoord Smith, it was laid away with many tears in the village cemetery. It rests just at the right hand on entering the gate.

We mourn his departure, not for him, but ourselves. Not a sigh may escape in anxiety for *him*; but his family, the Church and the country have all been bereaved by the fall of one of the most amiable, useful and best of men. This article would be too much lengthened by an attempt to delineate his character as it deserves to be done, but to say nothing would be inexcusable.

His popularity wherever he was known rested upon the most solid and praiseworthy foundation. The features of his character were all in such beautiful symmetry and accorded one with another in such perfect harmony, that it was difficult to say wherein he was faulty. In the social circle, his



countenance, his words and his whole deportment bespoke a warm, philanthropic heart, a pure and generous spirit, and a mind intent only on good. He was dignified without being forbidding; cheerful without levity; grave without gloom, and strict without austerity.

In his pastoral intercourse he was energetic, faithful, sympathetic and benevolent; and with holy zeal he moved as a messenger of peace and love, with equal acceptability among the educated and the illiterate, the uncultivated and the refined.

His preaching was eminently practical and useful; and his style and manner in the pulpit were uncommonly judicious and agreeable. He had the happy gift of making his congregation feel that he was indeed not only in earnest, but that he was himself but a messenger of the Most High, and that he would prefer to be considered as "a voice crying", and nothing more. His humility and Christian meekness and modesty were apparent to every hearer, while with holy boldness he proclaimed the threatened judgments of God against the sinner, as well as while he heralded the sweet invitations of the Gospel. There was in brother K. nothing of the artistic or affected, either in voice or gesture. He was so perfectly artless and natural, so manifestly sincere, so practical and just in his expositions, and so lucid and forcible in his illustrations, that all grades of intelligence heard him with pleasure and with profit. There can be no doubt that his labors in the ministry have been abundantly blessed of God, and crowned with great success in bringing wanderers home, and confirming the faith of believers. A learned divine of another branch of the Church once remarked to the writer of this notice, "If I had control of a Theological Seminary I would like to have Bro. K. to fill the chair of Christian Homiletics and Pulpit Oratory."

Let not his heartstricken widow and seven children ask in vain for the prayers of the Church.

A. H. LESTER.

BUENA VISTA, S. C.

## MRS. NANCY ALICE KIRKLAND.

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BY WARREN DUPRE.

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Mrs. Nancy Alice Kirkland, daughter of Rev. J. S. and Mary Eliza Burnett, was born on the French Broad, North Carolina, March 7, 1848—was married to Mr. W. C. Kirkland in Spartanburg, January 31, 1869—gave birth to a son, Charles Burnett, November 2, died in Cartecay, Georgia, December 28, 1869, and was buried by the side of her mother in Asheville, North Carolina.

Were there no God, no Christ, no Holy Ghost, in short no Christianity, the above brief record of the life and death of a modest, intelligent and harmless woman might satisfy all the reasonable demands of society. To draw existence, propagate and rot like the brutes perish, is not all of human life; for no one liveth to himself, and no one dieth to himself; but whether living or dying, we are the Lord's. And when we consider that Christianity is a system of religion, designed to regenerate the heart, purify the life and fit the soul to live and act in a higher sphere of being, then the life and death of one who had made that system not only the philosophy but the practice of her life assume the importance of an "*Experimentum Crucis*" in the records of the church, and bring to the desolate house, sorrowing relatives and friends, a consolation that the world cannot give.

The subject of this memorial was early trained by her pious parents to fear God and keep His commandments. She soon acquired a fondness for reading, and devoted much time to her Bible and religious books. When quite young she was sent to Sunday school, and in a short time became remarkable for application to her studies, and exactness in her recitations. This connection she maintained, either as pupil or teacher, to the day of her death; presenting to the young and old an example worthy of imitation. We too often look

upon the Sunday school as a place suitable only for children, and not worthy of the highest intellect. We overlook its importance as an agent in the cultivation of personal piety, as a wide field of usefulness for pious efforts; and thus, by our example, entail upon the church the loss of all that youthful energy which our Saviour purchased with His own precious blood.

In her seventh or eighth year she expressed to her parents, with many tears, an earnest desire to be a Christian—joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and soon after obtained the pearl of great price. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," said our child-loving Saviour, and a consistent, pious, devoted life proved that little Alice was not presumptuous in her desire, and her parents were not mistaken in their construction of that permission when they led their little daughter to the altar of God. Being from a child gentle, trusting, affectionate, she drew around her, wherever she went, a circle of warm friends, and under the influence of the good Spirit early developed that meekness, faith, and devotion to her Master's cause which characterized her whole Christian life.

Not many years after, she endured that severest trial in a daughter's life, the loss of a fond and pious mother. The cares of her father's household and the training of her two younger brothers devolved almost exclusively upon her. Young as she was, she met the responsibilities and performed the duties of her trying position with motherly care and sisterly affection. Her father writes: "I know she has been at home a most exemplary Christian, an affectionate and dutiful child and a tender and self-sacrificing sister. She bore on her heart for years cares and responsibilities which would have been sufficiently onerous for riper years."

Our first acquaintance with her was formed at the sick bed of her father a few months after their removal to Spartanburg, South Carolina, when they found refuge from the disturbances of the war in Tennessee and Western North Carolina. Her connection for a few months with the Female College enabled her teachers to form a correct estimate of her merits and worth. She was modest, gentle, confiding and affection-



ate in her social intercourse, diligent in her studies, accurate in her recitations and exhibited a maturity of intellect and character that is seldom met with in one so young. A little incident in this connection will exhibit at once many of the finer qualities of her nature. For several weeks her teachers observed that the school-room was every morning nicely swept, and the furniture tastefully arranged, without being able to find out the author of these delicate attentions. Arriving one morning earlier than usual, they found her alone, with broom in hand, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Upon being complimented for her industry and good taste, she modestly replied: "O, sir, I did not expect you so soon—but it's no trouble, as I am used to it, and it gives me pleasure to think that my teachers and schoolmates will feel better and look better in a clean room."

A deeper insight into her religious life was obtained by the writer of this notice while she was, for several years, a member of his Sunday afternoon class. Her religion was a religion of principle and of love. Strict and conscientious in the performance of every duty, she was always fearful lest she might rely too much upon works. She yearned for that higher state of piety in which she might act, not from a principle of duty, but from a feeling of love to God. She wanted to perform every duty *cheerfully*, and make every sacrifice contribute to her growth in grace. Refined and delicate in her sensibilities, she watched every approach of pride and vanity, modestly underrated her attainments, longed for greater purity of heart and increasing love for the Saviour. Viewing life not as a fleeting show, made up of vanity, toil and pleasure, to be employed in idle pursuits or frivolous amusements, but as a reality, a sacred gift to be used in training her soul for a higher sphere of action, she became impressed that she had an important work to perform. Much of her leisure time was spent in visiting the sick, the poor and needy in her neighborhood, ministering to their temporal and spiritual wants. Always accessible, gentle and kind to them, she gained their confidence and affection; and the many regrets which some of them have expressed for her death show that her memory and influence are felt and

cherished by them. Soon after her marriage and removal to Cartecay, Georgia, where her husband was engaged in teaching a large school, she was impressed that Providence had called them there to do an important work. She urged her husband to renewed zeal, assisted him in organizing a Sunday school, became a zealous and efficient teacher, and was instrumental in doing much good. Feeling the want of the religious privileges which she enjoyed at her former home, and knowing the advantages of the social element of Christianity, she attempted to organize a circle of prayer among her female companions, but failed from want of proper co-operation. But still her zeal did not abate, and she availed herself of every opportunity to do good.

A life based upon such noble principles, and characterized by so much zeal, could not but have a peaceful, happy and even triumphant end. On the 13th of November, 1869, she was brought very low by typhoid fever, and, supposing her end to be near, said to her husband: "I must die, but I am going to Heaven; not for anything which I have done, but only through the merits of Jesus." She then requested all her relatives and friends to "live *high Christian* lives, and meet her in Heaven." And now, supposing her work to be done, and banishing all worldly care from her mind, she begged all not to attempt to detain her longer, as she was anxious to go. Then in a transport of joy she exclaimed: "The blood of Jesus will be my watchword at the gate of Heaven. O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!"

A partial recovery from this attack revived the hopes of her friends, but did not abate her zeal for her Master's cause. She spent much of the succeeding weeks in talking to her friends about their spiritual interests and in trying to impress upon the minds of her Sunday school scholars who visited her the importance of early giving their hearts to God. To her kind and attentive physician, upon whom she had often urged the importance of attending to the interests of his soul, she said: "You may think I am over-zealous in this matter, but my conscience has so often accused me of neglecting this duty to my friends when I was well, that now, when I feel

my days will soon be numbered, I must try to redeem the time."

A complication of diseases succeeding, her sufferings became intense, producing wanderings of mind, with intervals of repose and perfect consciousness. On Sunday, December 26th, she was once more brought to the verge of Jordan, and, calling her friends around her, asked her father to sing those hymns so expressive of her feelings and appropriate to her case, "Oh, sing to me of Heaven" and "Come, thou fount." Hearing him remark that he could not go with her, but he was anxious to see her safe across the river, she requested him to pray that she might leave a bright evidence of her Saviour's presence. She accompanied each petition with audible responses, and at the close rejoiced in the immediate answer to her prayer, saying: "I feel as calm as an infant upon its mother's breast." Two evenings afterwards, upon being asked by her husband, "Are you alone?", she replied: "No, Jesus is with me." "Are you still calm?" "Yes, perfectly. But do not think that I have had no doubts, for I have; but they are all gone now." Frequently during her intervals of consciousness she would say: "I am very near Heaven—I'm almost there—take me, Jesus—take me—take me!" Then as her mind wandered back probably to the field of duty which she was about leaving, she would exclaim: "Why don't I speak—why don't I speak," which she continued to repeat until her voice died in silence, and she fell asleep in Jesus.

That voice is hushed; but that life still speaks. That voice is hushed; but the memory of that dying bed is vocal with the words of comfort and cheer to the hearts of bereaved husband, father and brothers; and around that green grave, where sleep the remains of mother and daughter, there still lingers the Saviour's voice, "I am the resurrection and the life."



## WILLIAM CLARK KIRKLAND.

BY WARREN DUPRE.

William Clark Kirkland, son of the late Rev. William C. Kirkland, of the South Carolina Conference, and Virginia L., his wife, was born in Beaufort, South Carolina, September 16, 1846, and died in Spartanburg, January 26, 1875.

He was brought up by his pious parents in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. His early training, under the blessing of God, made him conscientious and truthful; so that his word could always be depended upon, and in the moral conflicts of youthful life he always appealed to the bar of his conscience. Naturally amiable and affectionate, the influence of home was effectual in producing a cheerful obedience to parental authority, and considerate attention to the claims of brothers and sisters, and in restraining him from indulging in many of the vices and follies of youth. It is reasonable to suppose that a youth so constituted and trained would not long postpone a serious consideration of the great problem of life, and the important interests of eternity. Without any particular exciting cause, he calmly made up his mind to consecrate himself to God, and early in 1863 connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Spartanburg, and soon after received a clear evidence of his acceptance. This prepared him for the great trials and sufferings through which he was soon called to pass.

Although exempted by law from military service, he felt it to be his duty to support his beloved South in her late conflict with her enemies. Early in 1864 he entered General Morgan's command as a volunteer, was soon after captured at Cynthiana, Kentucky, confined in prison for nearly a year at Rock Island, Illinois, and was exchanged a few weeks before the surrender of General Lee. The corrupting influences to which he was exposed during his imprisonment were a severe

test of character. But he maintained his Christian integrity through them all. The physical and mental suffering consequent upon his long confinement during one of the severest winters of that frigid climate, he bore with the fortitude of a Christian and patriot. After his return he entered Wofford College, and graduated with distinction in the class of 1868. His punctuality and diligence made him a successful student. His pious example and amiable qualities gained him the confidence and affection of the faculty and students. Desirous of being useful, and feeling the importance of committing himself to some active religious work, he prevailed upon one of his associates to unite with him in organizing a Sunday school at Bell's mill, in the vicinity of the college, which they kept up with some regularity during their collegiate course.

Thus prepared for the arduous duties of a professional teacher, he went to Georgia soon after graduation, to assist the Rev. John Robeson in the Cartecay Academy, Gilmore County. In January, 1869, he married the only daughter of the Rev. J. S. Burnett, now of the Holston Conference. Her intellectual endowments and mature piety made her a fit companion for one who had consecrated himself to the cause of Christian education. With her assistance, he organized a Sunday school in Cartecay, of which he was made superintendent, and introduced singing as a prominent part of the exercises. Its influence was felt and recognized by the whole community, and one venerable matron was so much delighted with the sweet voice of the children that she declared, "it was worth all of Mr. Kirkland's salary just to teach the children to sing; that it humanized the children, and humanized the homes of their parents."

In the midst of their usefulness his beloved wife, whose fragrant piety was so attractive to the young, was taken from him, leaving him a precious infant, little Charlie, the last tribute of her love. This mysterious providence some of his friends hoped would lead him to the pulpit, for which his talents and piety so well qualified him. But God's appointments, as well as His ways, are not like ours. Some months afterwards, when informed that a younger brother was

called to the ministry, he replied, "I have often coveted this honor, but am glad to be permitted to labor for the Master in the humblest sphere."

Bowed down with sorrow, he could not endure the scenes around him, calling up daily the specters of his lost joys and love. By the advice of friends, he removed to North Carolina in 1870, and took charge of the Waynesville Academy in Haywood County. He was soon afterwards elected by the Board of Trustees principal of the Reidville Male High School, in Spartanburg County, South Carolina. This was a high compliment to so young a teacher, as it was an institution of long standing and some note, under the patronage of the South Carolina Presbytery. He soon gained the confidence of his patrons and the community: and as a tribute to his zeal and catholic spirit, he was unanimously appointed superintendent of their Sunday school, although it was composed of children whose parents were chiefly members of the Presbyterian church. His success in managing this enterprise induced the congregation at Sharon church, two miles distant, to request his acceptance of the superintendency of their Sunday school also, which met every Sunday afternoon. These excessive labors and exposure to inclement weather in walking out to fill this latter engagement brought on an attack of typhoid pneumonia, which developed the seeds of that insidious disease that had been sown in his system by the hardships of his prison-life. Loth to leave his work and the field of his usefulness, he continued to labor on in feebleness until failing health compelled him to resign his position at Reidville in 1873, and to retire to the home of his widowed mother near Spartanburg Court House. Here began the rapid growth and ripening of those Christian virtues and graces which useful labors of his active life had developed and trained. During these long and trying months of pain and weariness he never murmured or complained, but bore his sufferings with a sweet spirit of resignation to the Divine will. Totally unselfish and careful only for the comfort of others, his great anxiety was that he was giving trouble to his affectionate mother and devoted sisters and brothers, who watched and ministered at his bedside.



He believed in the power of prayer, and often communed with his Heavenly Father. With a soul attuned to the inspiration of music, he often asked his brothers and sisters to sing those sacred songs that made melody in his heart to the Lord. He often expressed a desire to be gone and be at rest. When asked about his spiritual condition he invariably replied: "I have no fears about my future state—my only dread is the final struggle, the suffocation with which my disease usually terminates." A short while before he died, after a severe paroxysm of coughing, he lifted his eyes and hands to Heaven, and with feeble voice whispered a prayer that God would have mercy on him and spare him the pangs of the final struggle, and closed with—"not my will but thine." That prayer was answered, and his happy spirit left its clay tenement without a struggle or a groan. O, what a flood of joy must have rushed over his soul as the released spirit bounded from that bed of intense suffering into the unutterable felicities of the upper world.

Such is only an imperfect record of the labors of a short, but useful life, which friendship offers as a tribute to the memory of W. C. Kirkland. May the pious example and wise counsels of a dying father guide little Charlie safely amid the temptations and trials of life, and lead him finally to the Christ and the home of his sainted mother.





